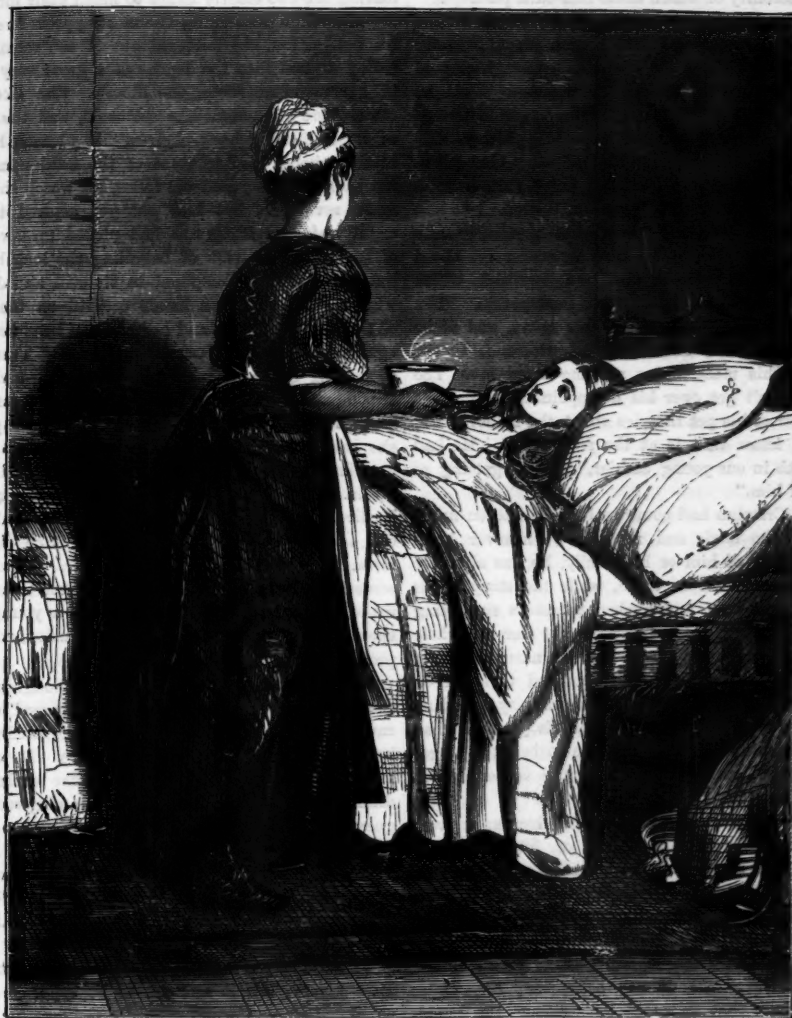


THE QUIVER

Saturday, July 3, 1869.



“‘ And please drink it while it's 'ot, ma'am.’”—p. 614.

UNDER FOOT.

BY ALTON CLYDE, AUTHOR OF “MAGGIE LYNNE,” ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—MAY'S VERDICT.

MAY RIVERS and her aunt were going to dine at Broombank. The partners had left business early in the day, and the brougham had called and taken up the ladies.

A visible change had come over the old merchant since the discharge of his nephew, Hugh. He shunned society more than ever, and the cynical tone had grown upon him. Even Mark Danson

often felt the bite of his caustic humour, and winced under the lash of some rasping observation that made him anxious and uncomfortable, doubtful whether it was the result of accident, or his uncle had gained some inkling of his own well-guarded secrets, the mere possibility of which made him turn pale.

In this way he became a sort of spy on his uncle's movements, attaching himself with an apparently affectionate partiality for his society, though the old man proved often a morose companion. Then he grew nervously watchful of his correspondence, as though on the look-out for something, always distrustful if any letters marked "private" chanced to be among them. He had also fallen into a habit of watching his uncle's face, which seemed to him altered within the last few weeks—a grim, granite face, looking years older, with a harder set about the mouth, and more of that iron-grey look, which seemed meant to repel all friendly sympathy. Then the jealous bitterness rose in his heart, and if he had dared, he would have given utterance to the sneer, "This mask hides nothing from me. The old man can't get over his disappointment, and the overthrow of his pet theories about the model young man. I know that is at the root of all. He had such faith in our young cashier, and was getting so proud of him."

Hugh Crawton had come to be a forbidden name between the uncle and nephew. Whenever Mark tried to talk of him or his family, he was abruptly silenced; and once or twice, while the story of his disgrace was new, and hushed murmurs respecting it were circulating among the clerks (for the whole thing had crept out, by a sort of natural law of revelation), when Mark had ventured to speak on the subject to his uncle in terms of pity, pleading for lenity to Hugh on the score of his youth, he had drawn down upon himself a fierce outbreak of anger that was seldom indulged in by the self-controlled Daniel Crawton.

The visits of May Rivers and her aunt were a great relief to the monotony of life at Broombank. The master of the mansion submitted to them as so many sacrifices exacted by his position as guardian; for while he remained charged with the supervision of May's welfare, he held it his duty to see as much of the girl as possible, and learn all he could of her character; for, under the delusion that it would be securing the happiness of both, he still cherished a desire for a union between Mark Danson and the daughter of his old friend.

The important and (to May) very tiresome business of dinner was got through with all due propriety. The solemn-faced butler had placed the decanters between Mark and his uncle, and the ladies were at liberty to follow Mrs. Crane to the drawing-room, and dispose of themselves as they pleased. May had dashed into a spirited dance tune

on the piano, whose keys were stiff from want of use, and which she declared was too sombre in its tone to play anything lighter or livelier than the "Battle of Prague" and the "Dead March in Saul;" so she had broken off in the middle of a bar, and, leaving the two elderly ladies to finish their interesting discussion concerning the most approved remedy for indigestion, she fluttered out of the room, subsiding at last into the depths of a great easy chair in her favourite room, the library. She liked its atmosphere of student-like seclusion, and the sight of its well-filled book-shelves. It pleased her to ramble about, reading some of the hard names on the backs of the grand old folios, for which she had great reverence, but had not yet aspired to the dignity of studying. She had picked up a volume of travels, with a view of beguiling the long hours; but she was rather disposed to sit still and dream, with her little restless hands crossed on the back of the unopened book, and her graceful head nestling against the crimson back of the chair. These fits of musing generally came over her during a visit at Broombank; something about the place seemed to make her grave and quiet, like the rest of the people she saw there. Perhaps because it was so much associated with old people, she saucily told Aunt Lydia. To be sure, there was Mr. Mark Danson: he lived at Broombank; and he was certainly not old, neither was he exactly young. She did not mean in years, but tone and manner. There was something wanting, she could not tell what, to make him reach her standard of what a young man should be. This was always her conclusion, and the problem remained unsolved.

She was so absorbed in her own thoughts, that she did not know the door had opened and a cautious step was creeping towards her, until roused by the sound of Mark Danson's voice. He always made a point of following the ladies early after dinner. Not finding May in the drawing-room, he guessed where she had taken refuge, and went at once to the library.

The wilful young heiress received him without any show of pleasure. She was not gratified by the invasion of her solitude, and it was not in her to simulate a feeling that she had not.

"I am half afraid you will think this an intrusion, Miss Rivers; but it was not to be expected that I could make myself comfortable in the drawing-room, and I divined that I should find you here."

"Did you, indeed, Mr. Danson?"

"I hope you are not angry."

"Angry! how absurd to think that I could be moved by such a trifle, as if you did not know that, so far as I am concerned, you are at liberty to go anywhere you please;" and May, turning over the leaves of her book, gave him a glance from under her long lashes, that was anything but complimentary to himself.

Mark bit his lip, as he replied, "That means, you are quite indifferent on the subject. It would be singular if I did not know it, since you always take such pains to impress me with that fact."

She gave him a saucy inclination of her head by way of assent, and looked down again at her book. From a feeling of indifference, not unmingled with contempt, she had come at last to the discovery that she disliked her guardian's nephew, and had even told Aunt Lydia, in confidence; adding her indignant wonder that Daniel Crawton should make such unfair distinctions as he did between Mark Danson and that other cousin whose father was poor.

The gentleman smothered his resentment, and severely tasked his conversational resources in his efforts to amuse the fair guest. May paid him a sort of languid attention, smiling now and then, but contenting herself with monosyllabic answers, and showing little interest in anything he said, until the talk chanced to turn on her last visit to the Academy, and her introduction to his cousins, Hugh Crawton and his sister. The allusion was anything but agreeable to Mark. He recollected that May had mentioned it before, and questioned him about the Crawton family more closely than he thought necessary. He could not forbear a sneer.

"I have no doubt but my cousins would be very grateful if they knew how kindly you keep them in remembrance, Miss Rivers, particularly now, when they are so sadly in need of sympathy."

"What, is their father so ill?"

"Not worse than usual; I was alluding to poor Hugh. Of course, it will be a great trouble to the family; they are, as I said, sadly in need of sympathy, and, under the circumstances, even their best friends might find an excuse for withholding it."

He took pleasure in watching May's bewildered look as she listened.

"You talk strangely, Mr. Danson. What do you mean by calling your cousin poor Hugh?"

"Ah, I see you are ignorant of what has occurred. Perhaps I ought not to tell you."

"Not tell!" repeated May, impetuously; "you must, Mr. Danson. If you do not, I will find out for myself."

"In that case I will, as you shift from me all responsibility and blame."

Here he fancied he saw a slight curl on the young lady's lip, but he was not sure. He continued, "You will understand me better when I say that this unhappy affair nearly concerns our family credit, but I feel sure the secret will be safe in your keeping."

"Secret—family credit," faltered May, her face flushing. "I was wrong to let my curiosity go so far, but I had no idea it was anything serious. Family confidences should be always held sacred; I have no right to intrude, neither have I the wish.

I would rather not hear what you have to tell. Please let us talk of something else."

"But your knowing it will do no harm, Miss Rivers, and I think you have a right to be told. With all our caution, the thing will be sure to get whispered abroad, and we cannot expect strangers to spare the suspected person as we are doing."

"Suspected person?" slowly repeated May, her large eyes dilating.

Mark then told the history of his cousin's disgrace—told it with pitiless accuracy that softened nothing, and did not spare the unfortunate young man, though he confined himself strictly to facts, and expressed no opinion of his own. If he had been counsel for the prosecution, and Hugh Crawton the prisoner at the bar, it was just the sort of statement that would have told against him. He watched with curious interest the effect of his communication, for May's face was a study in its varying expression as she listened.

"Do you believe him guilty, Mr. Danson?" she asked, slowly.

He answered with hesitation that was in itself significant against Hugh: "I—I should not like to say; the condemning evidence is very strong."

May took up the defence in her usual warm, impetuous way, and replied, with more force than logic, "I don't care a bit about the evidence, Mr. Danson, though it is, as you say, against him. I will not believe but it is all a mistake. I am a stranger to your cousin—I have only spoken to him once—but if there is anything to be read in faces, he looks like one who might be trusted with anything."

Mark shook his head. "Woman's reasoning, Miss Rivers; sounds well, but would be quite worthless with a dozen practical jurymen. I am afraid it would fare badly with Hugh Crawton, if he went into a court of justice with no better evidence in his favour."

"I call it natural evidence," retorted May, piqued at his tone; "and for my own part, Mr. Danson, I should sooner expect to hear of you being accused than your cousin."

"Would you, indeed," said Mark, drily. "You have, at least, the merit of frankness, Miss Rivers. Now, in your case, I should call 'natural evidence' a predisposition to favourable judgment of certain persons."

Her colour rose as she said, "I am not inclined to discuss points of definition."

"I shall be sorry if I have said anything to offend you, Miss Rivers, particularly when I wish to convey my grateful sense of the warm sympathy which you, a stranger, have evinced for my cousin."

May looked at him steadily, not sure that some covert sarcasm did not lurk beneath his words. At that moment her fiat went out against him, and she decided that she disliked Mr. Mark Danson more

than ever. Something in his manner provoked her, and she wanted to retort, but the words would not come.

He resumed: "My sympathy goes with the family, though I am afraid Hugh Crawton's mother has spoiled him by her training. There is generally some fault of that kind, when only sons do not turn out well."

"I deny that libel," struck in a well-known voice that made both start; and, turning round, to Mark's unutterable dismay, he saw his uncle standing in the middle of the room.

How long he had been there, and how much he had overheard of their talk, could not be told. Their attention had been so preoccupied, that the opening of the door had not disturbed them, and they had not a suspicion of his proximity until he spoke. May thought her guardian seemed unusually excited; only Mark knew, from certain signs, how angry he was.

"Yes, I say, a libel, and an ungallant speech, unworthy of a gentleman. It has been Hugh Crawton's good fortune to have a mother exemplary in every sense; but even if it were otherwise, I despise men who are always ready to cast reflections upon women. It is an insult to their own mothers."

His words swept over them like a biting gust of wind. May looked at him with mingled wonder and awe in her brown eyes. Mark did not venture a reply, but sat so cowed and crestfallen, that the young lady felt increasing contempt for him.

Daniel Crawton spoke again: "Take this lesson to heart, Mark Danson, and while under my roof, do not dare again to drag Mrs. Crawton into your discussions of family affairs." He then turned to his ward, saying, "Miss Rivers, I have a communication to make, and must have a few minutes' private talk with you."

As he spoke, he glanced at an open letter which he held in his hand. His nephew understood the hint, and rose at once, muttering something about "not wishing to intrude," and, inwardly deploring his own ill-luck, hurried from the room with more speed than dignity, leaving his uncle to make the communication which he rightly guessed had reference to the letter which he had seen.

It had only arrived that afternoon, a young man, looking like a lawyer's clerk, having been expressly sent from town to place it in the hands of May's guardian. It was from Mr. Markham, and contained the first intimation of the new claimant for the wealth of Colonel Rivers, in the person of his long-lost son.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

"Oh, Nelly, I feel now that I could bear anything, if I could only be sure that you would soon be well, or if I could just give up and lie down in your

place;" and Giles Royton brought his haggard face closer to his daughter's pillow.

She had been ill for several weeks; it was a case of complete prostration and debility. The doctor talked of tonics and fresh air, but his patient grew weaker day after day, and he looked graver each time that he counted the feeble fluttering of the pulse as her slender white wrist lay so passively under his fingers. Perhaps he had a suspicion, which Eleanor herself could have confirmed, that she was drooping under a sickness of mind rather than of body. But on this subject the lips of both were sealed, and the poor heart ached on, as many other hearts are aching round us every day, for who can guess what depths of suffering lie hidden in some of those still, grey lives of women, who live on with their world apparently filled only with common tasks and sordid cares? So it had been with Eleanor. The days came and went without lifting up the weary head, or bringing back the colour to the pale, worn face; days on which the shadow of trouble brooded darkly over the silent house, and in which, in spite of the doctor's skill, with all the tender ministration of her father, and the devoted care of her humble nurse, Ann, there was no promise of the invalid getting well.

Giles Royton had just come home from work; there was no gambling away the nights now.

"Yes, Nelly," he resumed, fondling the thin hand that lay outside the coverlet, "I would take your place if I could, for I'm only a useless clog, and it's natural for the old to go before the young. How have you been to-day, dear?"

"About the same, father. I have had a visitor."

"A visitor, Nelly! Who?" drawing a long breath, and looking anxiously at her.

A faint flush crept to her cheek. "Not he of whom you thought, father; I do not expect to see him now." She raised herself on her elbow and added, "Margaret Crawton has been here."

"Oh, Mr. Hugh's sister. I remember you two were once great friends."

"And are still, father; it is the only friendship I ever formed for a girl. I took Margaret to my heart from the first. She is in sore trouble now about her brother."

"And well she may be, poor thing! Such a sad disgrace. To my knowledge, nothing of the kind ever happened before in our firm."

Eleanor's great, wistful eyes were fastened on him. They seemed to have grown larger since her illness.

"What is it you want to say, Nelly?"

She cast a cautious glance towards the door, as if to assure herself there was no danger of their talk being overheard, and then whispered, "It is as Margaret thinks: her brother has an unknown enemy, who has plotted his ruin—some enemy whose position keeps him safe from suspicion. Father, Hugh Crawton is innocent, and you know it."

He started and recoiled. "Nelly, what are you saying?"

"The truth. I remember the night you came home and told me Hugh Crawton had got his dismissal; and afterwards, when you took my message to Mark about the paper, and you had that angry scene together in the office, you dropped hints which I have never forgotten."

"What—what did I say, Nelly?" faltered her father, nervously clutching the bed-clothes.

"Something about holding a check against him, and daring him to do his worst about getting you sent away. I guessed then there was something wrong—now I am sure; and, father, I want you to tell me all."

He gave her a helpless look of protest against the request, and dropped into a chair by the bedside, murmuring, "All, Nelly? Are you sure that you can bear to hear it?"

"Yes; I will force myself, as I have done in other things. Besides, I hold this to be my duty. Father, I am grieved that you should have kept it from me."

"Don't say that, my girl; don't say that. I did it for the best, because I—I wished to spare you from knowing all his villany."

Eleanor shivered and hid her face a moment in the pillow, saying, with quivering lips, "My suspicion is true then; it was Mark Danson who plotted his cousin's ruin!"

The father was scarcely less agitated than his daughter. "This is what I feared, Nelly; it is too much for you to bear. Better not hear it to-night."

"No—no!" she cried, with feverish energy, "I cannot rest until I know how you came to be the keeper of his secret. Tell me all, holding nothing back. But first answer me one question: Had you any share in that wronging of an innocent man?"

"I had not, Eleanor."

"Thank God!" she said, brokenly; "it is bad enough as it is, father, but I think that would have killed me."

She was trembling, and crying to herself—quiet, slow-dropping tears that might have been counted as they fell. He leaned down and kissed her forehead with a reverent feeling that the weak woman was far above him in her goodness and stronger sense of right—far above him, for he was thinking of his own misused life; and for the first time was self-convicted of playing fast and loose with his conscience in the matter of Mark Danson, and the discovery of his secret.

For some seconds nothing was said, then Eleanor whispered, "I am better now, father, and ready to listen."

"It was only by chance that I found it out, Nelly; but from the first that Mr. Hugh came I had my suspicion that Mr. Mark had an evil eye on his cousin, though he made much of him, and they seemed to be close friends. So I made up my mind to watch, for I may as well own it now, Nelly; I

wanted to get at his secrets, and find something that would give me a hold against him."

He watched his daughter's face as he spoke. She only made a sign for him to go on.

"When first Mr. Crawton picked up the betting voucher that fell out of Mr. Hugh's drawer, and they blamed him for it, I knew who the real owner was, as I had in my possession a piece which had been torn off the voucher, with Mark Danson's name on it, and I had found out that he did a little business for himself in that line on the quiet. After that storm had blown over I kept my watch closer than ever, for I knew he would not stop in the work he had begun. I was right. It wasn't for nothing that he had taken a fancy for coming back to the office when the clerks were gone, and sitting there poring over Mr. Hugh's books. You remember, Nelly, I told you one night that I had disturbed Mr. Mark. It was then I saw him thrust some papers between the wall and his desk, the moment he heard me; and on searching there afterwards, I found something which he must have overlooked when he took away the rest. It was a copy of that receipt which has worked all the mischief to poor Mr. Hugh, and I knew that he had been trying his hand at forgery. I let him go on thinking himself safe, but when the time came that I had waited for, I whispered it to him, and he was nearly mad with terror—offered me large bribes of money—anything, if I would give up the evidence I held, or burn it before his eyes. But what I want, Nelly, is to see you righted; he shall do you justice before the world."

He had spoken rapidly throughout. Eleanor made no attempt to interrupt, but when he finished, she turned upon him her great eyes full of sad reproach.

"And it was for me that you did this, father; let an innocent man suffer disgrace, perhaps ruin for life, and kept to yourself the knowledge that would have saved him."

"But only for a time, Nelly—only for a time. I took care of the papers, because I knew they would serve as evidence; I always meant to clear Mr. Hugh, but I wanted first to frighten Mark, and force him to do right by you."

"Father, that was not the way; we may not do evil that good may come. Such a secret is sure to bring misery on those who consent to share it, and it seems to me that some of the guilt falls on them also."

Giles Royton hung down his head. He had a high respect for Eleanor's principles and opinions. He had educated her above his own sphere, and was accustomed to say that she could talk like a book when she pleased. There was something of awe in his yearning look as he asked, "What would you have me do, my dear?"

"Your duty, which lies plain before you; for so long as you keep it untold you are doing a wrong to your master. At any cost, Hugh Crawton must be cleared."

"Yes, Nelly, I always intended that."

He spoke in the tone that might have been used to soothe the fretful importunity of a sick child. Eleanor was not satisfied.

"Whatever is done must be done without delay; there must be no half-measures—no temporising with a thing that involves so much. We cannot tell what mischief it has done, and for you to stand by and let it all go on before your eyes, it is like seeing a man sink down without stretching out your hand to save him."

"Nelly, you are exciting yourself too much."

Her flushed cheeks and hurried breathing justified his fears. She talked rapidly, and for the time all languor was gone. She went on: "I cannot forget the face that was at my bedside this afternoon, not that Margaret said much, she never was a talker, but I knew her trouble all the same. Father, you remember that time, years ago, when you were out of a situation, and I first went to work at the warehouse where I met Margaret—you recollect, we had known each other at school—well, she was kind to me when no one else was. She was poor, too, but I was poorer then, and she fancied that my scanty dinners were not enough for a growing girl, so she divided her own with me many times, though there was never more than enough for herself. Remembering that now, if it were only for Margaret Crawton's sake, I should want you to do right by her brother. Father, promise me that you will."

"I promise, Nelly."

Thus it is that the little seeds of kindness which we sow around us, may bear fruit a hundred-fold, and

result in a ripened harvest of good deeds. How little did Margaret Crawton dream that in the poor invalid whom she visited that day she had raised up a friend all-powerful to influence her brother's fate, and that the little acts of charity which she had done and forgotten, were thus to be returned to her "after many days."

Giles Royton was more moved than he wished to show. "And what of Mark Danson?" he whispered.

"He must be left to reap as he has sown," replied Eleanor, feebly. "My love for him is dead! It would have lived through trials, poverty, sickness—even death; but his own unworthiness has killed it."

The flush had gone from her face, and she dropped wearily back on her pillows. At that moment the door opened, and Ann made her appearance with a basin containing some preparation for the invalid's supper. She stood by the bed, a grotesque little figure, with sleeves turned back from her red arms, and skirts tucked round her, as though fresh from the scrubbing of a floor—looking as little like a nurse as possible, but making up in devotion all that she wanted in other respects. Her round eyes grew rounder with earnestness, as she stood urging her mistress to let herself be propped up. "And please drink it while it's 'ot, ma'am."

Eleanor smiled, and forced herself to swallow a few spoonfuls, to reward the zeal of her attendant.

She was grateful even for a kind thought from those about her, and, even in common things, true to the fine nature that was in her.

(To be continued.)

THE SONG OF FAITH.

ENDURE! endure! it is thy fate,
Nay! Fortune loves a wooer
Brave, steadfast, true; who, though 'tis late,
Will still essay his power.

Be daunted not by cold rebuff,
Nor worldly schemes' false glow;
Cry not aloud, "Stay! 'tis enough;"
Right onward o'er the foe!

Ever hold dear a well-earned fame;
Strive! battle! conquer! live!
There's nothing won, ay—ne'er a name,
That's not thine own to give.

No gain to me, earth's empty show—
Mere pomp and glittering pride;
Dearer by far a place, if low,
By Merit's sheltering side.

Better despised by rich and great,
Than worship in the throng;
Who court and flatter those they hate,
Confounding right and wrong.

I'd rather earn a crust a day,
With circumstance have strife,
Than feast on patrons' bounteous pay,
And live the craven's life.

Down in the valley, seethe and surge
The maddened, weary souls;
O'er din and fury swells the dirge
Of those Despair enfolds.

Far above all, calm on the heights,
Smiles down a radiant band;
Victors they are; white clad! bright lights
Each raises in his hand.

Not in the courts, not in the camps,
That standard was unfurled;
No class, no clique, could light those lamps
Shining above the world.

The combat rages fierce and long;
Away, then, idle fear;
Be up and doing, right is strong,
Glory and honour near. E. M. READE.

A PARADOX.

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.

"All things are yours"—"the world."—1 Cor. iii. 21, 22.

"Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world."—1 John ii. 15.

THE passages of Scripture which are placed in juxtaposition at the head of this paper reveal with sufficient distinctness its general design. If we take these scriptures and place them thus side by side, we have what seems at first a strange contradiction, a startling paradox; and yet a very little consideration must convince us that in this apparent paradox lies involved a practical truth in the greatest moment.

There is a sense in which God says to us, "The world is yours—for your use—placed at your disposal." There is a sense, equally real, in which God says to us, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world." And one great part of our business in this world is to show that what appears contradictory in statement, may be reduced to practical harmony in Christian life. Our comfort and our usefulness will be found very largely to depend upon a clear understanding of those various relations which the Christian does and must sustain to the world.

Living in the world, we must make some use of it; and the great question is, *What use?* Every man views the world in a different light, and uses it or abuses it in a different way from all the rest of mankind. Now this question, as to the right use of the world, is one of those which each man must ask for himself, and to which he can only get satisfactory answers in the Word of God. We require some determinate standard of judgment which the world does not and cannot afford.

The world may be regarded either simply in itself, or as necessarily related to something higher, nobler, and more enduring; and it is evident that our determination as to the right use of the world must depend upon the view we take of it. For instance, if it were known that a child would not live in this world more than the few years of childhood, it would not be accounted a very unreasonable thing if he were allowed to spend his time in innocent amusements appropriate to that age; but, if it were certain, or even probable, that he would live through the ordinary period of human existence, it is clear that, if those early years of childhood are to be rightly used, they must be regarded, in some large degree, as a season of preparation for maturer life. So, if we were able to view the world simply in itself, if we had no prospect of a higher and more mature life hereafter, we could not be blamed if we devoted

ourselves exclusively to the pleasures and business of this present life. But if it be certain, if it be only remotely probable, if it be even barely possible, that there is an enduring life beyond the present, then, what, under the one supposition would be a legitimate use, under the other becomes a very serious and unreasonable abuse of the world. In determining, then, how we are to use the world, we are in all things to be influenced by the consideration that the life which now is, is necessarily related to the life which is to come.

But, while recognising this general principle, the further question arises, How far are we, in Scripture, furnished with direction in detail, as to the practical conduct of Christian life? In replying to this question, very much caution is necessary. There can be no doubt that the epistles of the New Testament abound with practical, and sometimes minute instructions and warnings; but in reading them we should remember that, when these letters were written, Christianity was only just beginning to assert its power in the world; and, inasmuch as all its converts passed into the Christian Church immediately from Judaism or heathenism, and had to pursue their Christian course in the presence, and under the very shadow, of those great systems, we can easily understand that many very difficult questions would arise as to the proper conduct and regulation of Christian life; and it is equally obvious that these questions, at least in the same form, would not be very likely to present themselves to us, in the altered circumstances in which we live.

No one can read the Epistles of St. Paul without noticing how frequently these questions turn up, and how wisely—with what Christian tact and moderation, he ever deals with them. He does not often give any precise and formal reply. He does not lay down a number of minute and vexatious rules. He does not in every particular case say, "Do this—abstain from doing that;" but he reminds them that true religion is not a formulary to be repeated, or a ceremonial to be observed, or a merely outward manifestation of life which is to correspond, in every particular, with a rigid and invariable code of laws. It is a life—a spirit, which will ever unfold and manifest itself in substantial accordance with certain great and changeless principles; but in no two cases in precisely the same form. He would have them show that they are Christians, in whatever position they may be placed, whatever relationship they may sustain.

In reading these epistles, then, let us remember that, while these old questions do not present themselves to us in the old form, they represent a difficulty with which we have to deal, as truly as those who lived eighteen centuries ago. The difficulty may be thus stated:—How are we to define, in any particular case, still more, in every particular case, the relation in which the Christian believer should stand to the world? The only answer which can be returned is: The relation is such that it does not admit of precise definition. There is nothing like rigid definition in the New Testament, and all human attempts at definition have been productive of more harm than good.

Still, however, does this difficulty constantly present itself to the mind, in some form or other. What is our true position in the world—our true relation to it? What are we to do? What are we to abstain from doing? In what occupations may we engage? In what amusements may we indulge? In reference to these things, and many besides, we crave specific and minute direction. We say, "Cannot these and such like questions be settled absolutely and for ever?" But we speedily become convinced that it is not God's purpose to answer these questions definitively for us, but rather that we should bring the intelligence and, if we may so say, the instinct of Christian life to bear upon these difficulties as they successively arise. If we were mere locomotives, we might be put upon a pair of rails, and we should run smoothly, steadily, thoughtlessly to the end; we should go on without interruption—without deviation. Instead of this, we are pilgrims, furnished with what is sufficient for all the exigencies of the journey, but at any point we may go wrong. We are not walking between two high walls of absolute restriction, but we are pursuing a course, in which there is a constant call for the exercise of intelligence, and conscience, and the prayerful and diligent use of all those means which God has graciously placed at our disposal.

We are warned, for instance, against what we may speak of as "worldliness," but each in his own case has to determine what worldliness is; and we find, upon inquiry, that it matters not nearly so much what are the circumstances round about a man, as what is the spirit within a man. A man may be as poor as Lazarus, and yet as proud as Lucifer. He may, as an anchorite, dwell in some cave, or den of the earth, and yet love the world as cordially as one who lives amid all the distracting influences of a city, or the splendours of a court.

"We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky:

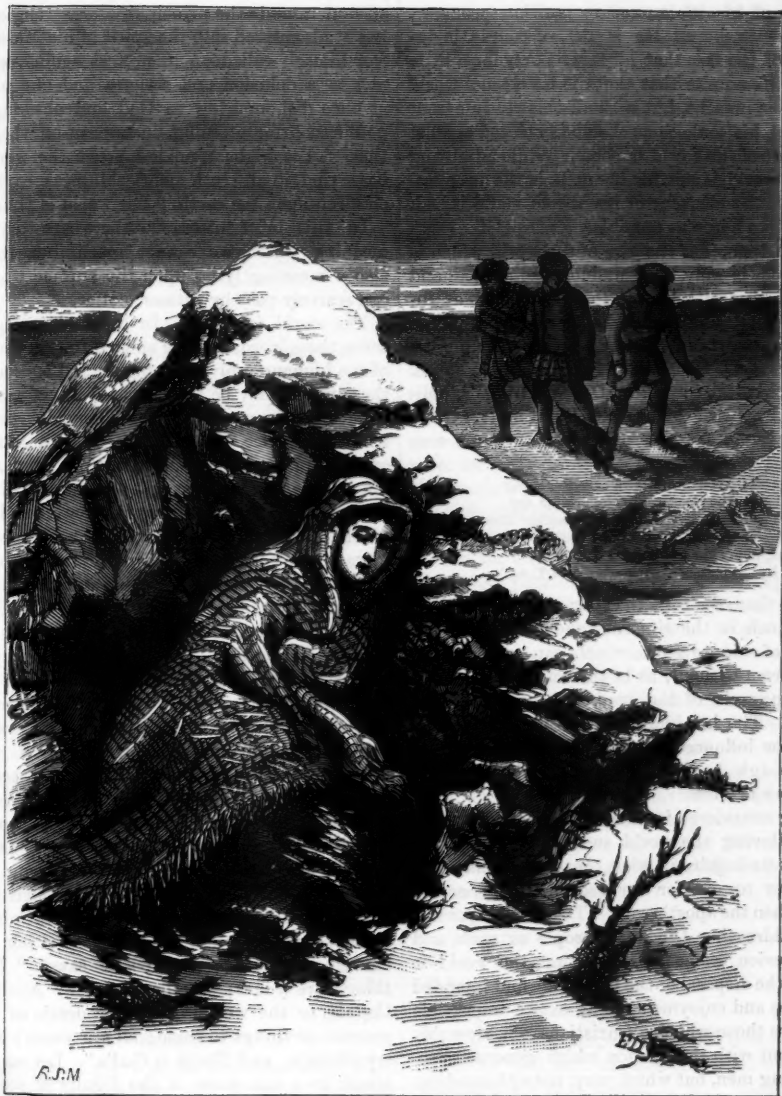
"The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God."

That, then, against which we are to be upon our guard, is the spirit—the disposition dwelling within a man, rather than any special class of circumstances which may surround him. The spirit of worldliness may anywhere express itself. It is the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life. There is nothing in all the world so innocent, so pure, that the spirit of worldliness cannot subdue it to its own use; and on the other hand, there is nothing in any of the legitimate engagements and relationships of the world, inconsistent with the maintenance of a pure, noble, godly life. All depends upon what a man is, rather than upon where he is. There are, of course, some circumstances which are more favourable than others, but it may be safely affirmed that we can by God's grace live a godly life anywhere; and we all have acquaintance with those

"Who carry music in their heart,
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."

The love of the world, then, which is forbidden in God's Word, is not for one moment to be confounded, either with honest devotion to the business of the world, to which we are called in the providence of God; or with the healthy and grateful appreciation of the various advantages with which God here surrounds us; for in each case we see what is not only consistent with Christian life, but what is an actual and very beautiful expression of it. The love of the world which is forbidden, is that insane, idolatrous, exclusive attachment to it, which so many unfortunately manifest—a devotion to the world which is at once sinful and injurious, because it involves a reversal of that divine order which requires us to subordinate the present and sensible to the eternal and spiritual. God's Word bids us "seek *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness;" and we cannot with impunity violate this commandment. This true and divine order is not perfectly maintained even by the Christian, who is seeking most diligently to live a godly life, but it is his constant aim and struggle to work out in life, as completely as possible, the plan and purpose of God.

The man, on the other hand, who yields to the spirit of worldliness, engages not in this struggle at all. He lives in and for the present. He may be a very honourable and upright man in all the business relations of life; he may be very intelligent and amiable; he may be respected by all with whom he is associated, and be worthy of all the respect that he enjoys; and yet, with all this, he may be a thoroughly "worldly" man. Oblivious



(Drawn by EDITH DUNN.)

"Bonnie Katie M'Kelvie, crouched behind the rock."—p. 621.

to all that lies beyond, he has laid his account with this present world; his business is here; his enjoyments are here; his friends are all here; his sympathies are here; and it is the aim, the ambition of his life to secure position, property, and influence here. He is not, of course, in ignorance of the fact that all this is only for a little while. He admits that there is an eternal world beyond the present, but with all this ready assent to the fact, his soul seems absolutely closed against the powers of the world to come. While admitting that this world is not his home, it is the practical and constant endeavour of his life to make it look as much like home as possible.

We see, then, that the love of the world which is condemned, is only that undue, exaggerated, and even exclusive attachment to it, which is as injurious to us as it is dishonouring to God. True religion, so far from casting a shade over human life, invests it with a brightness—a radiance, not otherwise discernible. Dr. Doddridge's well-known paraphrase of the old Latin motto—*Dum vivimus vivamus*—expresses a truly Christian sentiment—

"Live while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day;
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies;
Lord, in my view, let both united be—
We live in pleasure, when we live to Thee."

Let us, then, see to it that our religion consists, not so much in the timorous and scrupulous observance of minute rules, which can only operate upon us from without, as in the active and warm-hearted pursuit of the true, the beautiful, and the good. The law hidden in the heart will exert a mightier influence for good than the tables of stone, though backed up with all the thunders and terrors of Sinai.

Having considered in what sense God dissuades us from loving the world and the things of the world, let us inquire in what sense God makes the world over to us—for our use, advantage, enjoyment. When the apostle said, "The world is yours," he was addressing Christian people as such, and the expression seems to imply that the world is placed at the disposal of the Christian, and intended for his use and enjoyment, to an extent impossible to all, save those who are Christians. A view this inconsistent with the opinion which generally prevails among men, but which may, notwithstanding, be without much difficulty vindicated as correct. God has, whoever may dispute the fact, put the Christian man more completely than any other in possession of this present world; and, as to no one else, God says to him, "The world is yours."

There is a very different idea prevailing, to the effect, that God gives to the Christian the promise of another world, on the understanding that he is to forego, in some large degree, the use and enjoy-

ment of this. The word is, Touch not, taste not, handle not, love not now, and your abstinence and self-denial here shall be rewarded by eternal enjoyment hereafter. But every Christian who at all understands the principles of his religion, who has at all entered into the spirit of his Master, will feel himself called on to protest against such an idea as a delusion and a snare, and one which is at once dishonouring to God and obstructive to godliness; maintaining, in opposition thereunto, that, in the highest, noblest sense the words will bear, God, in all truth and faithfulness, says to his children upon the earth, "The world is yours."

In this brief utterance there are depths of meaning which we cannot reach, but there is also a meaning lying upon the surface which we can scarcely pass by without notice.

The world is yours. In a broad and general sense these words may be spoken to every member of the human family; in a higher and special sense these words may be appropriated by the Christian believer. The world was made for man—designed for his residence, plenished for his accommodation, and on its completion placed in his hands, under his charge. This was the substance of God's covenant with Adam, the representative and father of the human race—a covenant which was renewed and confirmed to Noah after the deluge. The world was made for man, and given, under certain limitations, to him. To the entire human race God says, The world is yours—yours to replenish and subdue; yours to use and enjoy, in submission to those laws and conditions which have been with sufficient distinctness expressed, and in submission to which you will ever find your truest enjoyment consist.

There is, then, a broad and general sense in which these words apply to all; but the Christian, while sharing in the common property, aspires to a distinctive privilege, and interprets—as he has a right to do—these words in a peculiar sense. The world may be said to belong to the Christian, as it can belong to no one else. These words were addressed to Christian believers. Writing to the church in Corinth, the apostle says: "For all things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's." Let us try to attain to a due sense of the dignity of our vocation, the greatness of our inheritance. The world is yours, says the apostle; but the question arises, What special—what peculiar claim can we urge in virtue of being Christians?

The peculiarity of our claim evidently depends upon the peculiarity of that relationship which we sustain to the Lord Jesus Christ. By a very real, though mystical bond of union, the Christian is associated with Christ, for whom, and by whom,

the world was made; and, conscious of such union, he feels that, as a *Christian*, he has an interest in all the divine arrangements such as he could not otherwise have enjoyed. He is an heir of God, and a joint-heir with Jesus Christ. And thus the poorest, the obscurest Christian, may enjoy a sense of property in this world such as can be realised by no man who is not a Christian.

"He looks abroad into the varied field
Of Nature, and though poor, perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye.
And smiling say, 'My Father made them all.'
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That planned, and built, and still upholds a world,
So clothed with beauty for rebellious man?"

It might be easily shown that the change of sentiment which takes place in a man when he becomes truly religious, invests, with a new significance, all the relations which he sustains to the world, and enables him to extract from it a purer and more satisfying joy. True religion, so far from limiting enjoyment, enhances it, and forbids only what is injurious and dishonourable. The world may be esteemed and used by the Christian as it may by no other. It is yours, says God, not to dwell in for ever, not to be regarded as an end in itself, but as a mean to an end; and there is nothing in the world which may not be so used as to contribute to your present and eternal good.

The great thing, then, is for us to have the right spirit within us, which will at once incline and enable us to view the world in a true light, and put it to a true and worthy use.

We may rejoice that the world is ours—and yet, at the same time, rejoice that it is not ours—or,

at least, that it is only ours for a brief season; the very world itself is not destined to abide, "But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up. Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat? Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

The Christian, then, living in a changeable world, can look on, through all the vicissitudes that await him, to the time when God shall make all things new; and he knows that he will find his abiding portion in the world that is to be, rather than in the world that is. Nevertheless, in the same proportion as we enter into the enjoyment of our inheritance here, we shall be able to anticipate that which remaineth. Let us not, then, in the weakness of our faith, shrink back from a saying even so great as this—"For all things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's."

But while we claim a special property in the world, let us also lay to heart the caution expressed in the saying of St. John; remembering, as we have said, that it is one great part of our business in this world to show that what appears contradictory in statement, may be reduced to practical harmony in Christian life. It is the same divine voice which says—and herein is no contradiction—"The world is yours," and "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

"LOST."

A TRUE STORY.

PART II.

THE glory of the autumn slowly faded into winter, and early in December came a grand present to Katie, from Neal in Canada. It was a very fine sable fur boa, which was duly exhibited to the whole village, and created an immense sensation and a great deal of talk. Katie prized the boa beyond everything, and regularly every Sabbath appeared in the kirk with it round her neck. It was so large, that to most people it would have been exceedingly unbecoming; but

Katie was on so large and grand a scale, that it suited her well, and our Katie, as her mother said, "looked every inch a leddy."

One evening, shortly after this, Archie met Katie by the burnside, in great trouble about his mother. Mrs. McDougal, who lived in a village about ten miles off, was taken dangerously ill, and had no one to nurse her. Archie could not be spared from the sheep by his master, and his mother was too poor to be able to afford a nurse, so she depended totally on her neighbours' kindness.

The poor fellow was in such evident distress,

that Katie, after a moment's thought, began, "Archie, I'll go mysel', and see what I can do. Nancy will see to the kye; and, gin mither'll let me, I'll go, and be glad to."

"Katie, ye're the best lassie ever was in this world—the best and the dearest. I aye kent it o' ye."

Mistress M'Kelvie was glad for Katie to go; and, with her shoes in her hand, her grey plaid round her, and her boa over her arm, she crossed the hills to Invermay, Donald and Archie walking the first five miles with her.

Poor old Mistress M'Dougal, who had not seen Katie since she was a child, recognised her at once, and was overjoyed to see her; and willingly Katie took up her abode in the tiny place, and nursed and attended to her wants, in her own simple, tender way. Once Donald came over to see her, and report of the progress of things at the farm. After a fortnight's weary nursing, Mrs. M'Dougal was so far on the road to recovery that she needed no nursing, and Katie once more took her shoes in her hand, her grey plaid and boa, and set off over the hills—wild, bleak hills, looking dark and lowering in the winter-day's light, but to the mountain-girl's sight there was nothing unusual in their aspect; and, barefooted, she trudged bravely on, with her plaid wound gracefully about her, singing snatches of old Gaelic airs, to the accompaniment of the wild winds.

The long, weary road was at length coming to an end. Her cows she could see, in their usual place at the entrance of the glen; the very farm, too, in the far distance. She would go home and write to Neal, tell him how his grand present had arrived and been received—her beautiful boa—her boa! Where was it?

Neal's boa, which was over her arm when she left Invermay. It was gone! She must have dropped it in the heather. Stupid, careless body she had been to drop it; but she must, of course, turn back and look for it. If she searched for a month, Neal's boa should not get lost.

Turning back, she came face to face with James Fullarton.

"James, is it you? Where hae ye been?"

"I hae followed ye, Katie, from Invermay. And so ye've been staying with Mistress M'Dougal, ye're new joe's mither. An' ye'll see if I dinna write mysel' to Neal and tell him. But where are ye goan, Katie?"

"I've lost my beautiful boa, that I had fra Neal in Canada, on the hills, an' I'm awa to search for it. Did ye no come across it, James—ye came after me?"

"No, I didna. But, lassie, dinna gae back to the hills; it's unco nasty wild-looking. The boa's no worth it."

"Will I no!—I'll search till I find it. I'll no come hame without my Neal's boa."

"Then gang ye're ways."

And James Fullarton, greatly enraged, turned towards Inverdoon; while Katie again began to climb the weary hill.

Right and left she searched, knowing pretty well the path she had come by. At the top of the hill, where Invermay lay on one side of her, and Inverdoon on the other, the first small flakes of snow blew into her face.

All the way back to Invermay, to Mrs. M'Dougal's house, she went. No vestige had been seen or heard of the boa; and, weary and disheartened, she took her way home again.

The snow-storm had thoroughly begun by this time, and was falling thick and fast; but bravely the high spirit pushed on, for long undaunted by it, but gradually the sickening fear crept in, and she was fain to acknowledge to herself she knew not where she was going.

Groping about became perfectly useless. At length, utterly worn out, and finding a great rock, she sat under the shelter of it, drawing her plaid tightly round her.

James Fullarton had been met in the village by Donald M'Kelvie, whom he told that he had seen his sister on her road home across the hill. Great consternation prevailed in the farm when, as the snow-storm and the night came on, Katie had not made her appearance. Donald was dispatched to ask Fullarton if he was sure he had not mistaken, but James was sure he had seen her, and known her quite well.

Guy and Donald went out with lanterns, and cried out at the top of their voices. No answer came back through the snow, and they were forced to return, as it would have been madness to proceed in their search.

No one went to bed that night at the farm. James Fullarton had been twice to hear whether she had returned; but finding she had not, he declared she must have returned to Mistress M'Dougal's, at Invermay.

Shortly after dawn it ceased snowing, and James Fullarton and Donald M'Kelvie set off across the hill to Invermay, to see whether Katie had returned there, whilst news was anxiously awaited at the farm.

In course of time their figures were seen returning; friends and neighbours were waiting about for them, some expecting to see Katie return with them.

As the two young men advanced without a word, there was that in their whole expression and every movement that, before a word could be spoken, Guy, throwing both arms in the air, cried, "Ma bonnie bairn's lost in the snaw!"

There was a fearful silence for a while, and then,

slowly, Donald announced that Katie had left Mrs. McDougal's house the morning before, and had returned later in quest of her boar, which she had lost, and against all persuasions she had insisted on returning home through the snow.

A party was immediately formed to search for her; in fact, the whole village turned out to follow the heels of the searchers.

All day they searched without discovering a vestige of her, poor broken-hearted Guy leading the search. They separated in different directions, the more thoroughly to search the wild moor-side. Archie, almost mad with grief, had been indefatigable all day. At length, however, when almost despairing of finding her, a grey plaid, half hidden behind a rock, met his eye, and with a loud cry he was beside her.

It was in the sunset hour they found her, when the cold winter's sun glinted out for the few moments across the snow; and what a sight it shone on!—bonnie Katie McKelvie, crouched behind the rock, with her plaid tightly grasped round her, stiff and dead—cold as the snow which had killed her in its frozen embrace.

Oh, cruel, cruel snow! what a night's work had it wrought! Could the storm but have stayed its icy fingers but one little hour, the brave girl would have been in sight of home, and a fair bright young life spared.

The agony of that scene on the hill-side was beyond all description, and perhaps the most appalling moment of all when, in a burst of grief,

James Fullarton drew from his pocket under his plaid a sable fur boar, which he threw on the white snow beside the dead girl, saying, "And for that the poor lassie lost her life. She asked me if I had seen it, and to play her a trick I said, 'No,' an—an I had it in my pocket a' the time."

The anger, rage, and horror which this speech created was immense, and Guy had to interfere to let him take his miserable way from them unmolested, by reminding them of the presence of the beautiful dead face whose eyelids had for ever closed over the bright loving eyes.

They tenderly gathered the cold form with the long hanging tresses of wet raven hair, and carried her and her treasure home together.

* * * * *

Winter had come to Guy McKelvie, and bent his tall form and taken from the brightness of his eye and the gladness of his heart.

It was in the sunset hour they carried her along the burnside, past her cows, and in the wee churchyard, under the shadow of the hills, they laid her, in the gloaming, in her grave, gone in the full strength of her youth and beauty.

Other feet tread the burnside to fetch the kye hame: her sweet Gaelic call is still, and the winter's snow and the summer's sun alike rest on a green grave, around which the bluebells hang their heads, and the sweet sturdy heather blossoms. The birds sing over it, the burn babbles beside it down to the loch—beside lost Katie McKelvie, the bravest lass in Inverdoon.

J. HERING.

THE PHYSICAL CAUSE OF OUR LORD'S DEATH.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."—John xv. 13.



WHAT was the physical cause of our Saviour's death? This question has been asked and answered. To the unreflecting it may seem a supererogatory one, and the answer obvious—that he died by crucifixion; but a moment's reflection will show that this cannot be the correct reply. Crucifixion, as performed by the Romans, caused a slow and lingering death; starvation, and exhaustion from prolonged suffering, constituting the proximate causes; two, three days, sometimes a week, elapsing before the sufferer was released. Crucifixion thus, in itself, could not have been the cause of our Saviour's death. It may be urged that his end was miraculously hastened; this, however, would be inconsistent with the very essence of his incarnation. Once having miraculously become a human being, he remained one essentially, except only that he was uncontaminated by sin; in every other respect he

was subject to mortal laws; this, as we learn, was essential to the plan of redemption. How much more, then, that his death should be in obedience to natural, physical laws!

The answer that has been given to the question is that he died of a broken heart; and what fitter answer could have been given? What a tale of sorrow in those words! but, with him, sorrow not for himself, but for the poor sinners he died to save.

To the man who has made the ills to which flesh is heir his especial study, the probability that this is the correct solution of the phenomena attending our Saviour's death, is at once apparent, but it may not be so plain to the generality of readers; let us, therefore, analyse them.

The term, "a broken heart," though commonly understood to mean a mind weighed down by suffering, and prostrated to its lowest ebb, is also applicable to a physical fact. The physical heart

is liable to rupture. As a rule, rupture of the heart only occurs in elderly people—people who have attained the “grand climacteric,” when senile decay has tended to soften the tissues of the body, and fatty deposits take the place of healthy, muscular structure, constituting what physicians term “fatty degeneration.” But there is another cause of rupture of the heart, not so common, but still well-known. Excessive and prolonged action of the heart produces what is called hypertrophy, by which the walls of that organ become excessively thin, and liable to give way under any extraordinary pressure. Now we know that mental suffering gives rise to excessive action of the heart, and if this be prolonged, may, probably will, produce hypertrophy with thinning of the walls.

And who was ever so deeply weighed down by mental woes as that “Man of sorrows?” Godlike, when he looked around on the multitudes, he knew the dreadful doom of the many. Manlike he suffered for them thirty years of sadness. No smile ever illumined his countenance; he was too deeply “acquainted with grief.” Then, after all these weary years, he underwent an incomprehensible agony of suffering in the garden of Gethsemane, when “his sweat was as it were great drops of blood.” His heart must have been pressed nigh to bursting; and next we hear the heartrending cry, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” He was bearing for us then the punishment of our sin; but his poor heart of flesh could resist no longer; one loud, agonising cry—the cry that often is the immediate precursor of sudden death by heart-disease—and it burst. The sacrifice was finished; he was dead. The pedestal of life was demolished. No need for Pilate’s soldiers to hasten his end; but one pierced his side, and “forthwith came there out blood and water;” thus, unwittingly, by a post-mortem test, verifying the diagnosis. For how came there those mystic elements? The heart, as is well-known, is enclosed in a membranous bag, called the pericardium; this bag naturally secretes a small quantity of serum, or water of the blood, in order that the surface of the heart may be kept moist—lubricated, in fact—so that its movements may be smoothly and easily performed. But in many affections of this organ, a larger quantity than natural is poured out, forming a dropsy in the pericardium, which often becomes thus largely distended. A rupture of the heart occurring when this kind of dropsy exists, it would follow that if the pericardial bag were pierced, a mixture of blood and water would pour out. This was what happened when the soldier pierced his side, just as might have been expected. Thus we may reasonably conclude that the physical cause of the death of our Saviour was rupture of the heart. And is there not something awfully im-

pressive in this view of his end? He not only shed his blood, but his very heart’s blood for us; the fountain of his life was burst that we might drink freely—a fountain which shed forth water and blood to supply the mystic elements of justification and sanctification; burst, not by the operation of a physical weapon at the end of his life; not as the result of a morbid condition, induced by corporeal disease, but, wonderfully emblematic, weakened by sorrow for the sins of his creatures, whom he so tenderly loved, it broke at last under the awful pressure, and the crimson stream flowed forth, physically as well as morally, laden with our iniquities.

It is an awful thing to think of—the amount of mental suffering that must have existed to give rise to such a condition of the heart—years of unceasing sorrow. We may reasonably presume that our Lord was free from any morbid condition of the body otherwise. He was a perfect man—a lamb without blemish, a priest, the head of the Church—so born a perfect type of manhood. His human organism free from disease, his sufferings must have, indeed, been terrific and protracted, to cause him to die of a broken heart; and when we consider that it was entirely on our account—sorrow for our sin, grief for the dreadful doom that he knew awaited thousands, because they would not believe—we can faintly conceive the intensity of his love; for love of us his life was one of unmitigated grief, and for love of us he died.

As physical rupture of the heart was the proximate cause of his death, so love may be said to have been the primary cause—sequences of cause and effect. What mortal ever died through love? Many, we know, have died worn out by care and grief, in whom mental suffering was the cause of physical disease; but was the anguish of their mind attributable to love? Far from it; the cause that kills is mostly selfish anxiety for oneself, or those immediately belonging to one. Perhaps the best example of human love creating sorrow, is that of the Christian mother when she sorrows for the lost soul of her child—the sort of love that Christ felt for us; but how much beyond was his! At times, in her thoughtful moments, a pang of grief strikes into the mother’s bosom; but the cares, and joys, and business of life drive away the dreadful ponderings, and there is rest for her soul. He never had any. He never forgot. Again. She grieves for her child, but perchance frets not for the hundreds daily sinking down into the pit. But his love encompassed all creation. He knew all, and saw all, and felt for all. Love was the spring of his life; for love he came on earth; through love he suffered; by love he was slain. Physically, as well as morally, love was the fulfilling of the law.

TOM CHATOR'S ADVICE.

PART I.

WELL, Mary; so you have come home at last. I thought you had gone asleep on the road," yawned Willy Saunders, as he rose from the sunny bench in the porch where he had been lolling, and stretched his two arms lazily above his head.

"You have been asleep, at any rate; that's quite plain to be seen," laughed his sister, setting her basket down upon the garden path, and leaning against the porch. "Oh, dear! how hot and tired I am. I've carried this heavy basket the whole way from Darley."

"More fool you—what's in it?" asked Willy, trying to lift the lid with the toe of his boot.

"Don't do that, or you'll upset the basket and ruin everything in it—there's butter, and eggs, and bacon, and your new suit of clothes in it too."

"My new clothes crammed in with the butter and eggs!"

"Yes; but you needn't be the least afraid; I packed them all most beautifully. I laid the sheet of zinc mother wanted for the rat-holes between the clothes and the rest of the things, so as nothing could happen to them."

"Show us them, you stupid; I'm certain they are spoiled!" cried Willy, gruffly.

Mary raised the lid with trembling fingers and drew out the neatly-folded suit, quite safe, and free from spot or speck of any kind. "There now; look at them for yourself, Willy," she cried, triumphantly; "and, indeed, Willy, you oughtn't to look cross at me, for I carried them all the way home, so that you might wear them on Sunday; and, besides, perhaps you may have to go into Darley yourself to-morrow."

"What for?" asked Willy, quickly.

"To see Mr. Pearson, the ironmonger."

"Why, what does Mr. Pearson want with me? I did not think he had ever even heard my name."

"Well, he heard it to-day, at any rate, for I told him lots about you," replied Mary, blushing and smiling.

"Where did you see him?"

"I met him at the cattle show they are holding in the square by the Market Cross. Old Mrs. Butler had a ticket she did not want, and she made me go with Martha; and I'm glad I did go now, for it was the grandest sight I ever saw; and besides that, I came in for two such pieces of luck—one for you with Mr. Pearson, and the other for myself."

"Well, begin with mine first; what about Mr. Pearson?"

"He's going to give you work, Willy—work that will bring you in plenty of money, and no fee to pay!"

"What kind of work? nothing that I'll be ashamed to take, eh?"

"I don't think you will be ashamed—you ought not, at any rate. He has offered you the place of porter at his shop, and he'll pay you two shillings and sixpence a-day."

Willy whistled and shrugged his shoulders. "Shop-porter! what next? shoe-black, crossing-scraper, sweep?"

"Now, Willy, please don't speak in that way. Were not you saying, only last night, that you must take father's place in the house, now he's gone, and earn some money for mother?"

"And do you think I'd be taking father's place, if I went out as shop-porter?" laughed Willy, bitterly.

Tears stood in Mary's eyes, and she answered hotly, "I suppose you think Tom Chator is the only person who knows what's what, as you always take his advice on everything; and I think, though he's always calling people and things 'low,' he's the lowest boy in the whole parish; for he does not speak the truth, and there's nothing so low as that;" and Mary wiped her eyes quickly with the back of her glove.

"There, now! you know nothing about Tom—and you must not begin to cry, either," cried Willy, who—bad as he made himself out by his words—had a very soft corner in his heart for his sister. "You did it all for the best, I'm sure; but when you're older you'll have more sense. Come, tell us your own piece of luck."

Mary straightened her bonnet-strings, gulped a little—not more than she could help—till the prospect of her own piece of good fortune getting the better of her grief, she began, as pleasantly as might be, "Well, I told you I was at the cattle show—and the grand sight it was, with flags waving, and bulls roaring, and cocks crowing, and a military band thumping away like mad, till I was almost deafened—and how I met Mr. Pearson, and—and—and—all we said about you—"

"Go on, can't you? and never mind me."

"I'm going," replied Mary, meekly. "Well, who should be there, standing beside one of the poultry pens, but Mr. Banks, who used to live down in the hollow there, below the bridge," and Mary pointed with her finger beyond the hollyhock.

"Yes, I remember; he used to be awfully kind to us, when father was alive. I suppose he would not look at us now."

"There you go again, Willy; wait till you see how wrong you are. I never even saw Mr. Banks standing there, or knew he was at the show, till he called me by my name, and held his hand out to me. He spoke kinder than I ever remember him; and asked me about poor father's death, and whether we were comfortable, and going to live on in the old place."

"And you bawled out, in everybody's hearing, that we were as poor as church-mice, and going down hill as fast as we could."

"I did not 'bawl' it out to him, Willy; but I did say that mother was left very badly off, and that unless some work turned up for you, we must leave our house."

"Well, go on; it can't be helped now."

"When Mr. Banks heard we were not rich," continued Mary, in a very sobered voice, "he asked me, would I like to try and make a little money myself, for, if I would, he thought he could put me in the way of it. I said I did try to earn a few shillings by taking in needlework, but I'd be ever so glad if I knew how to earn more. So then, turning round to the pen of birds beside him, he said, 'Do you see those grand fellows, Mary? they are the finest, rarest birds in the country, and they have just taken the first prize at the show; and see here, if you'd like to have it, I'll give you a clutch of their eggs for setting, every egg of which is worth three shillings as it stands, and, if it turns out well, and has a fine bird in it, each egg may be worth three pounds to you by-and-by, instead of three shillings.'"

Willy opened his eyes very wide, and rolled them about in their sockets. "What kind of birds were they, Mary?"

"Oh! great, huge, yellow birds, with such lots of feathers on their legs—they look as if they had on trowsers, and when the cock crowed it was like a lion roaring; he called them 'Clocking Chinas,' I think, and said they were only just come into the country, and that the Queen had some she was very proud of—though they weren't better than his."

"Cochin Chinas, you silly!" laughed Willy; "I was reading about them the other day in the paper, and I believe they are thought a lot of."

This unexpected corroboration from Willy cheered Mary greatly, and she dilated with redoubled zest upon her plans—how she intended to set the grey hen with the crooked foot; because, though she was a very ugly bird, she was the kindest mother in the world, and never forsook her eggs or trod upon her chickens. "And perhaps—perhaps, Willy," she continued with flushed face, "if they do turn out well, I really might make a great deal of money—ever so many pounds—and then, oh! I know what I'd like to do with it!"

"I know; buy yourself a grand silk parasol, and a hat and feather, like Miss Lucy Carsons."

"No, Willy, you're quite wrong; it's nothing for myself."

"A new cloak for mother? or the Bath chair she was wishing for? Come now, I know I've guessed right this time."

"I won't tell you whether you have or not," replied Mary, blushing and turning away her head. "At any rate, you're not to say a word to mother about

the eggs, for if the chickens come out I'd like to surprise her."

"Very well; and as a bargain is a bargain, don't you go and tell her, either, about Mr. Pearson's offering me that place; do you hear me, Mary?"

"Why not? she would be the best person to ask whether it was 'low' or not. Oh, Willy! I do so wish you would try it—just for one week, till you see how you'd like it. Do, Willy, for my sake!"

"I'd do a great many things for your sake. I'd carry you on my back to Darley, or milk the cow, or sit on the fire for your sake; but I'm not going to turn errand-boy to Mr. Pearson; we have sunk low enough down in the world without sinking further."

"I don't think it would be sinking," replied Mary, thoughtfully; "only I do so wish you would let me tell mother; or take somebody's advice you would think more of than mine."

"I'll ask Tom Chator to-morrow, and if he does not think it would be beneath me, I'll turn it over in my mind; but I won't have mother's head set a-going on the subject."

Mary sighed, for well she knew what Tom's advice would be. "You'll go, at all events, to-morrow, and see Mr. Pearson?" she said, sadly.

"I don't know that I will, it would be very awkward for me if I was going to refuse his offer."

"I promised him you would; and besides, who will carry me home my precious basket of eggs, if you don't go into Darley?"

"Why did you not carry them home yourself this evening?" asked Willy, with returning ill-humour.

"Because—because I thought you'd be so disappointed if you had not your clothes from the tailor's; and besides, I was quite sure you'd be so glad about Mr. Pearson; and now everything has gone wrong—and—"

Mary could not finish her sentence, but turned with a sob towards the house.

"Mary, you're the best old girl in the world—there, now, don't rush into the house till I give you one hug," cried Willy, leaping up from the bench and catching his sister by the shawl. "Of course I'll fetch you home the eggs, if you'll tell me where to find 'em."

"They are to be left at Mr. Nickson's shop before ten o'clock to-morrow."

"All right, you shall have them; and I'll try and think what to say to Pearson, for I could not exactly tell him that I did not like hawking his old frying-pans and tea-kettles about the streets of Darley. I know what I'll do; I'll make Tom come with me."

Mary walked into the house, and Willy turned round the corner by the bee-hives, with his hands thrust into his pockets. "Yes, I'll make Tom come with me," he said, "and hear what he thinks of the plan—he's a grand fellow for giving advice, is Tom—no matter what Mary says."

(To be concluded in our next.)